



GRIPPING TALES OF SUSPENSE!

SEPT.-No 88

ADVENTURES INTO THE

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CODE



AUTHORITY

UNKNOWN

10

10¢

There ARE MANY WAYS OF BRIDGING TIME... **THIS** WAY ... OR THROUGH THE MOST ASTOUNDING USE OF **MEMORY** YOU'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED! DON'T MISS **"The BOOSTER SHOTS!"** ... IN THIS GREAT ISSUE!

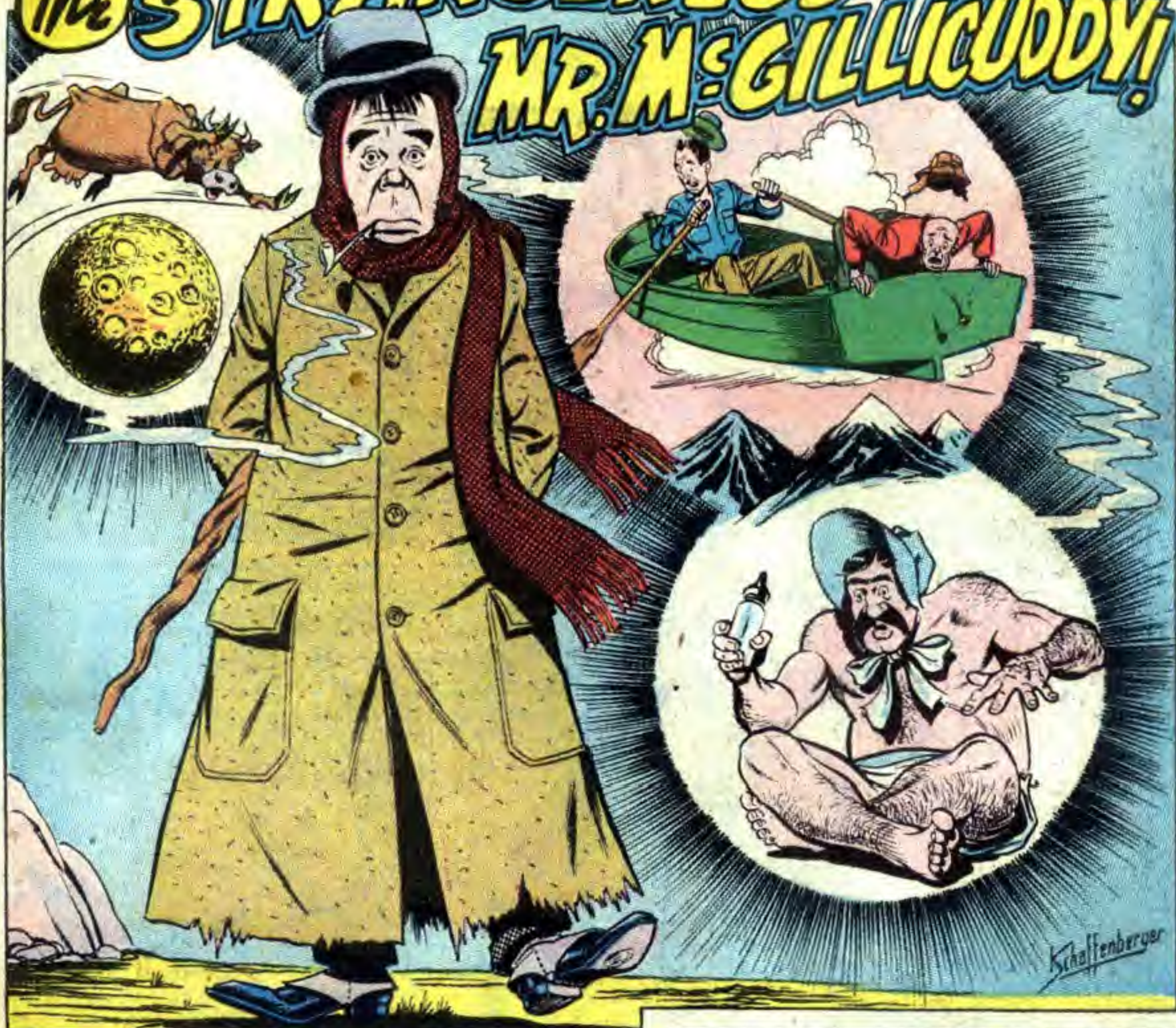
GREAT SCOTT! I...
I'VE BROUGHT BACK A **NEANDERTHAL MAN**... FROM OUT OF THE **PREHISTORIC PAST!**

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THIS IS THE STORY OF THE ODD HAPPENINGS THAT AMAZED ONE AND ALL IN THE MINING COMMUNITY OF MILLIONAIRE'S GULCH BETWEEN FEBRUARY 16TH AND AUGUST 11TH, 1853. THE SETTING WAS THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH AND ALL THINGS ARE AS THEY WERE. THE EXCEPTION IS THAT YOU ARE MOST DEFINITELY THERE...AND CAN WITNESS THROUGH YOUR OWN EYES...

THE STRANGENESS of MR. MCGILLICUDDY!



THERE WASN'T A MINER WHO HADN'T STRUCK IT RICH AT MILLIONAIRE'S GULCH! GOLD WAS PLENTIFUL...BUT ENTERTAINMENT SCARCE...

NOTHIN' TO DO BUT WORK MUH CLAIM...AN' WHITTLE...AN' WORK MUH CLAIM...

...AN' WHITTLE! GOSH ALL HEM-LOCK, AIN'T THERE EVER ANYTHIN' INTERESTIN' IN THIS GOLD-HEAP?

PIONEER

THERE SURE IS, AN' HERE IT COMES NOW!

MOVE, YOU SON OF IDLENESS...MOVE! CAN'T YOU JUST HOLD OUT UP TO YON SALOON?



YEEOWN! IT'S A MAGICIAN... WAIT'LL THE BOYS HEAR ABOUT THIS!



WELCOME TO **MILLIONAIRE'S GULCH**, PROFESSOR PRESTO! HOW'S ABOUT STEPPIN' INTO THE SALOON AN' FAVORIN' THE BOYS WITH A **PERFORMANCE**?

GLADLY, SIR... MOST HAPPILY! BUT ONE MOMENT, WHILE I SUMMON MY ASSISTANT! ...HEY! MR. MCGILLICUDDY!



WERE YOU CALLING I?

WHO ELSE?



NEVER SAW NOTHIN' LIKE HIM BEFORE! WHERE'D YUH EVER GIT 'IM, PROFESSOR?

PICKED HIM UP IN KANSAS CITY! HE WAS BROKE AND WORKING HIS WAY OUT TOWARDS THE DIGGINGS... WANTS TO FIND GOLD, HE SAYS!

HAW-HAW! WHAT A MINER HE'LL MAKE!

YES... MR. MCGILLICUDDY WAS A SOURCE OF CONSIDERABLE AMUSEMENT... ESPECIALLY WHEN PROFESSOR PRESTO COMMENCED HIS **MAGIC**...

IN PROFESSIONAL CIRCLES, THIS GENTLEMAN IS KNOWN AS A **STODGE**! STRANGE HOW HE **INSISTS** ON HIDING THE ACE OF SPADES IN HIS MOUTH ...AND COINS IN HIS EARS...



HO-HO!

WOTTA CHARACTER!

MY, WHAT HAVE WE HERE, MR. MCGILLICUDDY?



O-DID YUH EVER SEE ANYONE DOPIER-LOOKIN' IN YOUR LIFE? HA-HA-HA!

DOPEY-LOOKIN', IS IT? SHURE, AN' ME FIANCEE, **BRIDEY MCPEEP**, WOULDN'T BE AGREEIN' WITH YE! SHE'S AFTER THINKIN' ME A FINE FIGURE OF A MON... AN' BRIDEY IS NEVER WRONG!

THIS IS **RICH**! KEEP 'IM TALKIN', JOE! TO THINK WE WERE GRIPIN' ABOUT NOTHIN' **INTERESTIN'** EVER HAPPENIN' AROUND HERE!



OH, YUH GOT A **GIRL**, HUH? WELL, A BIG, MANLY FELLA LIKE YOU OUGHTA HAVE THE **BEST**! ER... TELL US ABOUT HER!

AH, THE EYES OF HER... WITH HER GRACE LIKE A DANCIN' SUNBEAM AN' THE SWATEST VOICE IN ALL COUNTY SLIGO! AN' HER LIPS RED, RED LIKE THE SUN DESCENDIN' OVER BLARNEY CASTLE...



WELL, IF SHE'S ALL YUH SAY, MR. MCGILLICUDDY, HOW COME YUH EVER MANAGED TO LEAVE HER BACK IN IRELAND?

DIVVIL A CHOICE I HAD! I CAME TO THIS FAR LAND SEEKIN' FOR GOLD SO I COULD OFFER BRIDEY MCPEEP A FINE, RICH MARRIAGE! YOU KNOW HOW IT IS... A GIRL WANTS THINGS!

WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE

**WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE**



HOMICIDE HANK

Most dangerous outlaw in the west! Travels with two accomplices, robbing everybody and everything in sight! You're a sucker if you try to stop him!

HOW'D YUH LIKE TUH COME UP AGAINST HIM? WHY, HE EATS LITTLE FELLAS LIKE YOU FOR **BREAKFAST!**

BEDAD, I... I WOULDN'T BE LIKIN' THAT! BUT ME FIANCEE, BRIDEY MCPEEP, SAYS THAT A MON IN LOVE CAN DO ANYTHIN'... SO I'M... GULP... NOT AFRAID! BUT I'VE GOT TO BE AFTER GITTIN' ME ONE OF THOSE... WHAT DO YOU CALL 'EM?... **CLAIMS**, WHERE IVERYBODY GETS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE BY JUST **DIGGIN'!**

I THINK WE GOT **JUST THE SPOT** FOR YOU!... **RIGHT, BOYS?**

SHE MUST WANT 'EM PRETTY BAD IF SHE LETS YUH RISK COMIN' INTO **THESE WILD PARTS! LOOKY THAR!**

SO THE MINERS OF MILLIONAIRE'S GULCH PUT MR. MCGILLICUDDY ON A CLAIM AND HANDED HIM A SHOVEL... LAUGHING THEMSELVES SICK BECAUSE IT WASN'T REALLY A CLAIM AT ALL, BUT THE SPOT WHERE THE CHINESE LAUNDRY HAD BURNED DOWN!

FAITH, AN' I NIVVER PICTURED 'TWOULD BE LIKE **THIS!** ARE YE **SHURE** THIS IS A CLAIM... OF THE **GOLD-PRODUCIN' VARIETY?**

YUH CAN'T MISS... THE HOMBRE WHO HAD IT BEFORE YUH **CLEANED UP!**

AND WHILE EVERYONE ELSE REAPED A WEALTHY HARVEST...

...THIS WAS ALL **MR. MCGILLICUDDY COLLECTED!**

BUT HE STUCK IT OUT MANFULLY... ALL THE WAY FROM FEBRUARY TO AUGUST! AND THEN...

WELL, BYES... I'M **GIVIN' UP!** DIVVIL A BIT OF GOLD HAVE I FOUND, AND I CAN'T STAY LONGER... I'VE **FAILED!** IT'S LIKE ME FIANCEE, BRIDEY MCPEEP, ALWAYS SAID... A MON WHO WEARS OUT HIS HEAD AGAINST A STONE WALL IS A MON WITHOUT A FUTURE!

BUT YUH **CAN'T** GIVE UP, MR. MCGILLICUDDY... NOT WHEN YOUR NEXT SHOVELFUL MAY BRING A **FORTUNE!** WHY, **OUR ADVICE IS...**

BUT THERE WASN'T ANY TIME FOR ADVICE... FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

OKAY, YOU HOMBRES! LINE UP AGAINST THE BAR... WITH YOUR HANDS HIGH!

IT... IT'S **HOMICIDE HANK!**





IT WASN'T UNTIL THE BANDITS MOUNTED TO FLEE THAT THE **UNBELIEVABLE OCCURRENCES** COMMENCED! FIRST, THEIR HORSES REARED IN TERROR BEFORE A MIRACULOUS MAGIC SUCH AS MILLIONAIRE'S GULCH HAD NEVER SEEN!



BUT THE DANGER WAS STILL WITH THEM...

SO THAT'S WHAT DID IT, HUH? A WISE GUY CALLED **PROFESSOR PRESTO!** ALL RIGHT, MISTER... MY GUNS HAVE GOT A MESSAGE FER YOU!



HOMICIDE HANK NEVER SPARED ANYBODY! BUT AS HE REACHED FOR HIS GUNS, THERE CAME A SECOND STRANGE HAPPENING...



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)



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5. FOCUSING BINOCULARS
6. DIRECTIONAL COMPASS
7. FLAT MIRROR
8. SOLAR TIME CLOCK
9. MAGNIFYING MIRROR PHARYNGEOSCOPE
10. CAMP FIRE LIGHTER



1. READING LENS
Open one Magnifying Lens, either C or D. Enlarges print 30 times.



2. COMPOUND MICROSCOPE
Fold two large lenses C and D together. Enlarge up to 120 times. You can examine diamonds for flaws - locate wood splinters instantly.



3. ADJUSTABLE TELESCOPE
Open one large lens D and one small lens E - gaze at planets - ships at sea with this long distance telescope. Slide small lens forward and back to focus.



5. DIRECTIONAL COMPASS
The needle on this compass A always registers due North. Turn compass until N is under point of needle.



6. SOLAR TIME CLOCK
Place compass on smooth surface - rotate until needle point is at N on dial 0 degrees. Hold a pencil vertically with the point at the center of the compass. Where the pencil shadow falls is the correct time - North = 12 o'clock - East = 3 o'clock, etc.



7. FLAT MIRROR
A highly polished mirror



8. FOCUSING BINOCULARS
Open two large lenses D and C and two small lenses E and F. For sporting events - theatre. Focus by sliding small lens forward and back.



9. PHARYNGEOSCOPE
Fold lens C over mirror. With this magnifying mirror your eye becomes the size of a baseball - see clearly any splinter or particle in the eye.



10. CAMP FIRE LIGHTER
Use magnifying lenses D and C folded together. Concentrate sun's rays on tinder. When smoke arises fan gently.

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NOW HE HAD CAUGHT THE PIXILLATED PISTOLS! BUT IN A FLASH THEY HAD CHANGED... STRANGELY...



BUT HOMICIDE HANK WASN'T THROUGH YET! AIDED BY HIS ACCOMPLICES, HE STRUCK SUDDENLY... TAKING PROFESSOR PRESTO FROM THE REAR...



BUT THE ODD HAPPENINGS AT MILLIONAIRE'S GULCH WEREN'T AT AN END! THE NEXT MOMENT...



HELP!
THIS THING'S
ENCHANTED!

THERE WAS STILL HOMICIDE HANK TO RECKON WITH! HE SEIZED THE GUNS OF THE NEAREST MINER... AND HE NEVER MISSED...

SAY YER PRAYERS, SHORTY!
I'M GONNA BLAST YUH FULL OF HOLES!



OH, WURRA, WURRA! WILL I EVER BE SEEIN' THE OULD SOD AGAIN?

HUH? I D-DON'T BELIEVE IT!

BEGORRA, THERE COMES A TIME WHEN A MON MUST USE VIOLENCE! BRIDEY WOULDN'T LIKE IT, BUT... TAKE OVER, JUNIOR AUXILIARY OF COUNTY SLIGO!



BAM!

BAM!

GIVE IT TO THE SPALPEEN, MR. MCGILLICUDDY!

HERE'S WHAT TOOK PLACE THEN... EVERY MAN PRESENT SWORE TO IT...



EEE-YOWWW!
H-HELP!
I GIVE UP!

LET 'IM HAVE IT WITH YER SNILLELAGH, MR. MCGILLICUDDY!

SOK!

WATCH ME USE ME CLAYMORE, MR. MCGILLICUDDY!

WITH THE OUTLAWS CAPTIVES... AND GLAD OF IT...

I NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE IT!

YUH SAVED US ALL, MR. MCGILLICUDDY!

GOSH, THANKS!

'TWA5 NOTHIN', BYES... NOTHIN' AT ALL!



WELL, THEY'RE LITTLE FELLAS... JUST ABOUT SO HIGH! RED CHEEKS AND LITTLE BUTTON NOSES... AND THEY COME FROM IRELAND! THERE'S JUST ONE SURE WAY YOU CAN TELL THEM...

NOTHING, HE SAYS! WHY, IN ALL MY PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE, I'VE HEARD OF ONLY CERTAIN PEOPLE WITH POWERS LIKE HIS! BUT THEY WERE SUPERNATURAL BEINGS!

YEAH? DESCRIBE 'EM!





...POINTY EARS!

YUH KNOW, MAC...I'VE BEEN WONDERIN' WHY YUH ALWAYS WEAR THAT **SCARF** TIED AROUND YOUR HEAD! MAYBE IT WAS COLD WHEN YUH FIRST CAME TO MILLIONAIRE'S GULCH...BUT NOW IT'S **SUMMER!**

SHURE, AN' I FORGOT TO TELL YE! I'M B-BREAKIN' IT IN FOR A **FRIEND!**



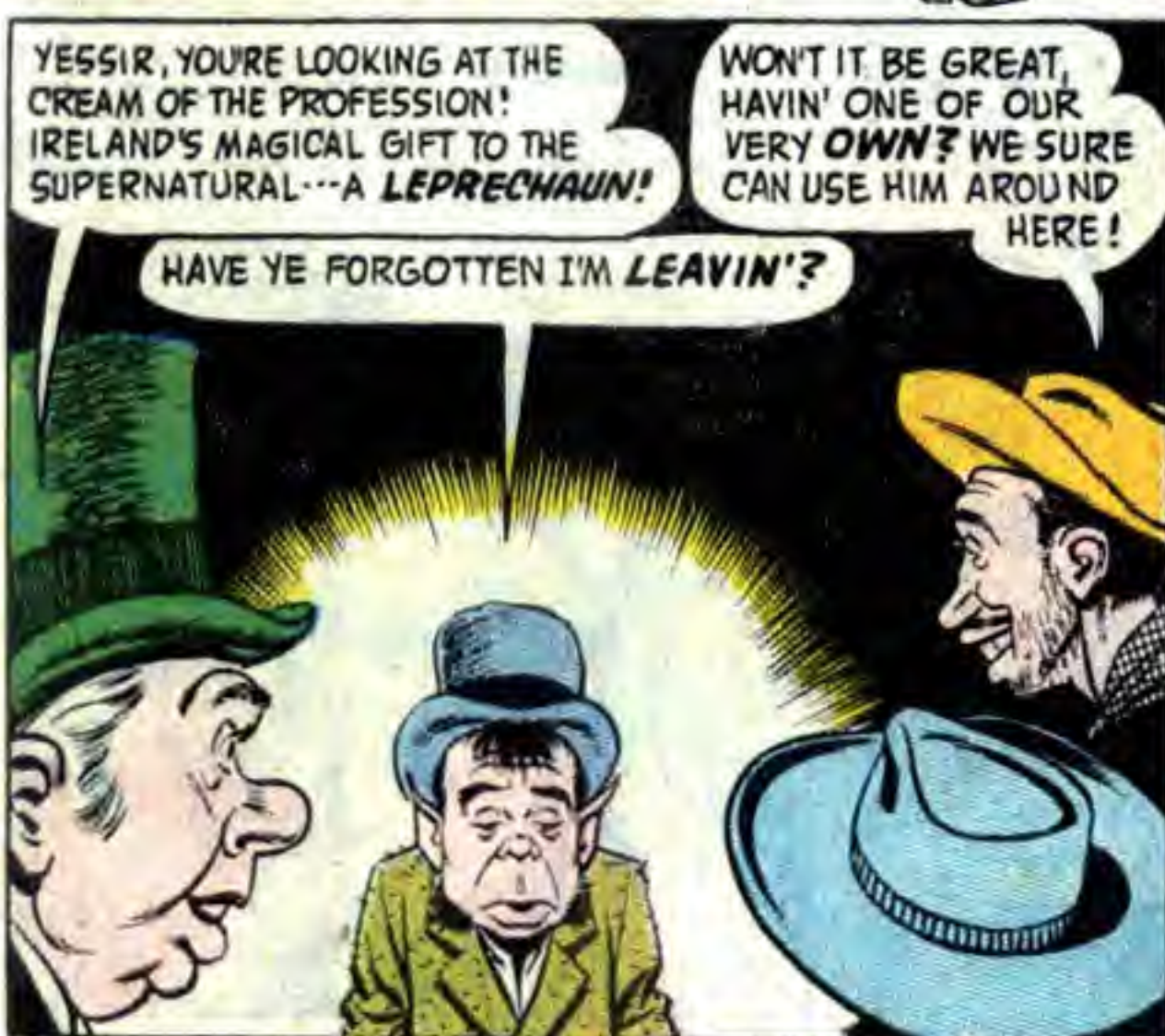
COULD BE...BUT LET'S SEE WHAT'S **UNDER IT!**

ENOUGH, BAD CESS TO YE! I FORGOT TO TELL YE...I GET **COLDS IN ME HEAD!**



P-POINTY EARS!

THERE'S **ANOTHER** THING I FORGOT TO TELL YE, BYES...I'M A **LEPRECHAUN!**



YESSIR, YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE CREAM OF THE PROFESSION! IRELAND'S MAGICAL GIFT TO THE SUPERNATURAL...A **LEPRECHAUN!**

WON'T IT BE GREAT, HAVIN' ONE OF OUR VERY **OWN?** WE SURE CAN USE HIM AROUND HERE!

HAVE YE FORGOTTEN I'M **LEAVIN'?**



IF...IF ONLY I'D FOUND GOLD, NOW, I COULD BE BRINGIN' IT BACK TO ERIN AN' MARRYIN' UP WITH ME FIANCEE BRIDEY MCPEEP! BUT...I DIDN'T...

IT...IT WAS ALL **OUR** FAULT, MR. MCGILLICUDDY... BUT WE'LL MAKE IT UP TO YUH! WHY, WE'LL GIVE YUH ALL THE GOLD YUH CAN CARRY!



THANKS TO YE, BUT NO SELF-RESPECTIN' LEPRECHAUN EVER **TAKES** GOLD...HE'S GOT TO **FIND** IT! I...I TRIED BACK ON THE OULD SOD, WHERE ALL OF ME TRIBE KNOW THERE'S A POT O' THE STUFF BURIED AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW! BUT I WAS A FAILURE **THERE**, TOO...I...I NEVER **COULD** FIND THE END OF THE RAINBOW!



SO LONG, BYES...

GOODBYE, MR. MCGILLICUDDY...

HOW CAN I IVVER GO BACK TO IRELAND, AN' CONFESS MESELF A **FAILURE**? NO---I'LL WALK THE WORLD FOREVER AN' ALONE! OH, BRIDEY---I'LL NIVVER BE SEEIN' THE PRETTY FACE OF YE AGAIN---



WOULD MR. MCGILLICUDDY HAVE BEEN SURPRISED IF HE'D LOOKED UP AT THAT MOMENT! THERE SHE WAS --- **BRIDEY McPEEP, GIRL LEPRECHAUN**---



WHIST, AN' I WAS RIGHT IN COMIN' AFTER HIM OUT OF ME LONELINESS! THE PORE DARLIN'---I CAN TELL HE'S FAILED---BUT NARY A BIT CAN I DO ABOUT IT, WHAT WITH THE **PRIDE** OF HIMSELF! BUT THERE MUST BE **SOMETHIN'** I CAN DO---

THERE **WAS!** BEING A RESOURCEFUL YOUNG LEPRECHAUN LADY, SHE GOT A SUDDEN IDEA---AND DROPPED IN AT THE LOCAL GODS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE---

AN' WHY **SHOULDN'T** I BE LOSIN' ME TEMPER? HAVEN'T YE BEEN CALLIN' THIS THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY, THE LAND OF PLENTY---AN' HERE'S ME MON, AS POOR AS THE DAY HE LEFT IRELAND! IT'S **MISLEADIN' ADVERTISIN'**, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
REIGNING SPIRITS

OH, COME, COME---YOU LEPRECHAUNS ARE **NEVER** SATISFIED! ANYWAY---WE REFUSE TO DO A SINGLE THING ABOUT IT!



OH, YE **REFUSE**, IS IT? WAIT TILL MR. MCGILLICUDDY HEARS **THAT!** THERE WON'T BE A BUILDIN' LEFT STANDIN' FER MILES! HE'LL UPROOT THE TREES AN' LEVEL THE MOUNTAINS---AN' THEN HE'LL START ON THE **CLOUDS!**

ULP! HE---HE MUST BE VERY STRONG IF HE CAN DO ALL THAT! ER---HOW STRONG **IS** HE?



STRONG? WHY, MR. MCGILLICUDDY IS AFTER BEIN' THAT STRONG, HE COULD PUT HIS FINGER IN HIS EAR AN' HOLD HIMSELF OUT AT ARM'S LENGTH FER AN **ENTIRE DAY!** WOULD YE BE HELPIN' HIM OUT NOW---OR MUST I **TURN HIM LOOSE?**

N-NEVER MIND! W-WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!



MEANWHILE, BELOW---

AH, 'TIS MISERABLE I AM---AN' NOTHIN' COULD BE MAKIN' ME **MORE** MISERABLE RIGHT NOW, FAILURE THAT I AM---



--- NOTHIN' BUT THIS **RAIN** COMIN' UPON ME SO SUDDENLY! WURRA, WURRA---**OTHER** MEN FIND GOLD HERE, BUT NOT ME! I'M A **FAILURE**, JUST LIKE I WAS IN IRELAND---ALWAYS LOOKIN' FER THE POT O' GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW AN' NEVER FINDIN' IT FOR NOT BEIN' ABLE TO **FIND** THE END OF THE RAINBOW, BEDAD!



THEN IT WAS THAT THE
RAIN HALTED ABRUPTLY
...AND THERE, BEFORE
HIS EYES...

BEGORRA, 'TIS A
RAINBOW...A RAINBOW'S
END... BEFORE ME VERY
EYES!

WELL, WHEN A LEPRECHAUN SEES THE
END OF THE RAINBOW...THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO DO!

SHURE, AN' MAYHAP
ME LUCK HAS CHANGED...

IT HAS! AH, THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING WANTIN' NOW TO MAKE ME
HAPPINESS **COMPLETE!**

MYSELF,
PERHAPS?

BRIDEY
MCPEEP!

OH, MR.
MCGILLICUDDY!

AS WE SAID,
THIS HAS BEEN
THE STORY
OF THE ODD
HAPPENINGS
THAT AMAZED
ONE AND
ALL IN THE
MINING
COMMUNITY OF
MILLION-
AIRE'S GULCH
BETWEEN
FEBRUARY 16TH
AND AUGUST
11TH, 1853!
AS WE
APPROACH
ITS BLISSFUL
ENDING...

ER... WOULD YE BE AFTER **EXCUSIN'** US,
FOLKS? AS ME FIANCEE BRIDEY HERE
ALWAYS SAYS, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A
LAD AN' HIS COLLEEN ARE WANTIN' A
BIT OF **PRIVACY!** SO...IF YE DON'T
MIND...

WE DON'T MIND, MR. MCGILLICUDDY!
GOODBYE...AND GOOD LUCK!

THE END!

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WEIRD VALLEY

It's always a bad idea to divide authority, and this proved particularly true with regard to the Civic Museum's polar expedition. It was led by two men, Brian Connors and Ned Gordon. Ned was mild and easygoing, but Brian Connors was an impatient, domineering type. It was due to his insistence that the expedition wandered from its prescribed route and became hopelessly lost in the frigid arctic.

Their supplies gave out as they wandered aimlessly through the blizzard-wracked wasteland and they were starving and almost out of their heads when they were rescued by a small group of nomad Eskimos.

Old Belora was the headman. He gave them food and shelter and saw that they were nursed back to health. And during the period of their convalescence, he told them many stories of the strange phenomena of the northland—stories to which Ned Gordon listened with bated breath. But Brian Connors scorned them, privately labeling them as tall stories and nothing more.

They told the old man that as soon as they were strong again and re-equipped with food, they would strike out again, heading due north into territory never before explored. They wondered about the look of fear that spread across the old man's face, and why he was so vehement in warning them not to venture into that territory. It would mean their certain deaths, he told them, but he wouldn't say why.

But Connors thought he *knew* why. All the Eskimos, strangely, wore armbands of a raw, beaten yellow material which could only be pure gold. Obviously, he said, they had gotten the precious metal in the very area from which Belora was warning them. He told the old man that no matter what he said, they intended to take the northward course.

It was at this point that the old Eskimo leader broke down and told them the story. He had been sworn to secrecy, he said, and was only revealing the facts to save them from extinction.

For due north lay the forbidden valley, a geologic flaw in the polar cap. It was a large valley, surrounded by tall cliffs—and below its floor was a huge volcanic stratum which heated it and made of it a green oasis amid the snowy wastes. In consequence, it had maintained through the countless cen-

turies the very same vegetation and animal life that had pertained a million years ago. And within the valley, there dwelled a race of giant white men that had domesticated the animals, using some to guard the valley and its approaches. For they wished no interlopers from the outside world to invade their rich and beautiful valley.

As for Belora and his people, they were in favor with the white giants, for on several occasions, the Eskimos had rescued giants who had ventured outside the valley and been overcome by the cold. It was for this that they had been given the priceless gold ornaments—obviously, gold in profusion existed within the forbidden land.

It was a strange story, but there might be some truth in it, so none of the expedition headed that way—none but Connors, who was obviously spellbound by the gold. For when the members of the expedition awoke in the morning, he was gone, and there wasn't any doubt of his destination. "We've got to go after him," said Ned Gordon. "There's no telling what trouble he may get into!"

Heading due north, they pushed on at all speed. "He doesn't believe Belora's story," said Gordon. "All he believes is that there's gold there, and he's after it. Let's speed it up—I wouldn't want anything to happen to him!"

They pressed on and on—and finally, a circle of mountains came into view, which obviously ringed the storied valley. Following Connors' trail, they began the steep upward climb. From a distance, far above, there came a thrashing sound, a despairing cry.

"*Faster!*" cried Gordon. "That—that was Connors' voice!" Far ahead, they saw it now—that dark spot on the snow. When they reached it, it was Connors. He was dead, mauled by some creature of gigantic strength. "That story was *true*," breathed one of the men. "One of the giants must have gotten him!" But Gordon shook his head. "*Look!*" he said, pointing upward. "It was truer than you think!"

The members of the expedition looked in the direction in which he was pointing. Far above, something was surmounting the rocky barrier, about to plod downward into the valley itself. *It was a huge dinosaur!*

Annals of the OCCULT!



IN 1863, THE PASSENGER SHIP **AFRICA** WAS RETURNING TO THE UNITED STATES FROM EUROPE! FOR EIGHT CONSECUTIVE DAYS, THE WEATHER HAD BEEN FOUL---

BUT ON THE EIGHTH NIGHT, THE STORM ABATED---AND RESTFUL SLEEP WAS POSSIBLE! SHARING A CABIN WERE TWO AMERICANS, MR. S. R. WILMOT AND MR. W. J. TAIT---



I'M COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED---EXPECT TO SLEEP LIKE A LOG!

NOT ME! I CAN'T SLEEP ABOARD SHIP! GOODNIGHT---

TOWARD MORNING WILMOT DREAMED THAT HIS WIFE, WHOM HE'D LEFT IN THE UNITED STATES, SUDDENLY APPEARED AT THE DOOR---



OH! I---I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SHARING THE CABIN WITH ANYONE!

LUCY! IS IT REALLY YOU? COME IN!



I CAN ONLY STAY FOR A MOMENT! I WAS SO WORRIED WHEN I READ ABOUT THE AWFUL STORMS ON THE ATLANTIC! I FEARED FOR YOUR LIFE!

THERE, THERE, DARLING---EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT!

NEXT MOMENT, THE WIFE QUIETLY LEFT! WHEN WILMOT AWOKE THE NEXT MORNING---



YOU KNOW, I BELIEVE I HAD A HALLUCINATION LAST NIGHT! I IMAGINED YOU HAD A VISITOR---A WOMAN!

WHAT? DO YOU MIND EXPLAINING YOURSELF?

I WAS HALF-ASLEEP, HALF-AWAKE, WHEN I SEEMED TO SEE A WOMAN SUDDENLY APPEAR! YOU TWO SPOKE BRIEFLY, AND THEN SHE WAS GONE!

THIS IS... FANTASTIC! YOU SEE, I DREAMED THAT MY WIFE PAID ME A VISIT!

WHEN WILMOT ARRIVED HOME...

DARLING, I KNOW IT SOUNDS ABSURD, BUT DID YOU HAVE A VISIT FROM ME A WEEK AGO TUESDAY?

HOW COULD I? I WAS A THOUSAND MILES AWAY AT SEA!

I KNOW, BUT I HAD A STRANGE EXPERIENCE! I WENT TO BED THAT NIGHT VERY WORRIED ABOUT YOU--- BECAUSE I'D READ ABOUT SEVERE STORMS AT SEA! I LAY AWAKE THINKING ABOUT YOU, THINKING HARD, WHEN SUDDENLY, I SEEMED TO BE MAKING A JOURNEY---

"I SAW MYSELF CROSSING THE STORMY ATLANTIC," THE WIFE CONTINUED, "AND FINALLY SAW BELOW ME THE LOW, BLACK STEAMSHIP ON WHICH YOU WERE A PASSENGER..."

I MUST SPEAK WITH MY HUSBAND... I MUST LEARN WHETHER HE'S ALL RIGHT!

"I BOARDED THE SHIP, AND WENT DIRECTLY TO YOUR STATEROOM! SOMEHOW, I SEEMED TO KNOW WHERE IT WAS! I WAS SHOCKED TO FIND YOU NOT ALONE..."

OH! I... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SHARING THE CABIN WITH ANYONE!

LUCY! IS IT REALLY YOU? COME IN!

I STAYED FOR ONLY A SHORT WHILE, THEN LEFT! BUT I HAD THE FEELING IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED!

GOOD GRIEF... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! LUCY, I WANT YOU TO DESCRIBE THAT CABIN... AND MY FELLOW PASSENGER! TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU REMEMBER!

MRS. WILMOT'S DESCRIPTION WAS EXACT IN EVERY DETAIL...

I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME RATIONAL EXPLANATION!

THIS WELL-AUTHENTICATED CASE HAS BAFFLED STUDENTS OF THE OCCULT EVER SINCE 1863! WHAT'S YOUR OPINION, READER?

THE END!

The BOOSTER SHOTS!

ALMOST NOTHING IS KNOWN ABOUT HOW MEMORY WORKS! SOME PEOPLE CAN REMEMBER FANTASTIC QUANTITIES OF FACTS, OTHERS FORGET THEIR OWN TELEPHONE NUMBERS—AND YET NO FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCE IN VARIOUS BRAINS HAS EVER BEEN DISCOVERED! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT MEMORY IS TRICKY, BUT FEW PEOPLE REALIZE THAT IT CAN ALSO BE ... DANGEROUS ...

CUTE LITTLE FELLER, ISN'T HE?

THIS IS --APPALLING!
I'VE REVERTED TO
INFANCY -- I'M
COMPLETELY
HELPLESS!

WILLIAM REED, THE NOTED EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGIST, WAS LECTURING ON ONE OF HIS FAVORITE TOPICS —

MEMORY, GENTLEMEN — A FASCINATING SUBJECT! I HOLD TO THE THEORY THAT THE BRAIN IS A CAMERA WHICH RECORDS **EVERYTHING**! IF ONLY WE COULD UNLOCK THE KNOWLEDGE STORED IN OUR BRAINS, WE'D ALL BE WALKING ENCYCLOPEDIAS!

BUT THAT'S ONLY A *THEORY*, PROFESSOR — AND A RATHER FAR-FETCHED ONE! YOU CAN'T **PROVE** IT!

TRUE, IT'S STILL ONLY A MATTER OF OPINION — BUT PERSONALLY I'M **CONVINCED**!

ONLY MEMORY MAKES MAN SUPERIOR TO THE BEASTS! I BELIEVE THAT TRUE MEMORY FIRST EXISTED HERE WITH THE **NEANDERTHAL MAN**—AFTER MILLIONS OF YEARS OF STUPID PREHISTORIC CREATURES!



AFTER THE LECTURE, AS REED AND AN ASSISTANT COLLECTED THEIR TEACHING MATERIALS—

THAT PICTURE SEEMS TO HYPNOTIZE YOU, SIR! I DON'T KNOW WHY! THAT WEAK CHIN AND BRUTISH FOREHEAD—AND YET THE CREATURE HAD A **BRAIN!** PERHAPS A BETTER BRAIN THAN WE IMAGINE!



AT LUNCH IN THE COLLEGE RESTAURANT THAT DAY, PROFESSOR REED SEEMED UNUSUALLY DISTURBED—

THAT STUDENT'S STATEMENT DISTURBED YOU, DIDN'T IT? I MEAN ABOUT YOUR IDEAS ON MEMORY BEING JUST AN **UNPROVEN THEORY!**

YES, I'M SURE I'M RIGHT, AND PERHAPS THE TIME HAS COME TO **PROVE IT!**



PROVE IT? BUT HOW?

BY FINDING A WAY TO **RELEASE ALL THE MEMORY IN THE BRAIN!** I'VE BEEN COLLECTING NOTES FOR YEARS, AND NOW—I'M READY TO START EXPERIMENTING!



NEXT DAY, IN REED'S FABULOUSLY EQUIPPED LABORATORY—

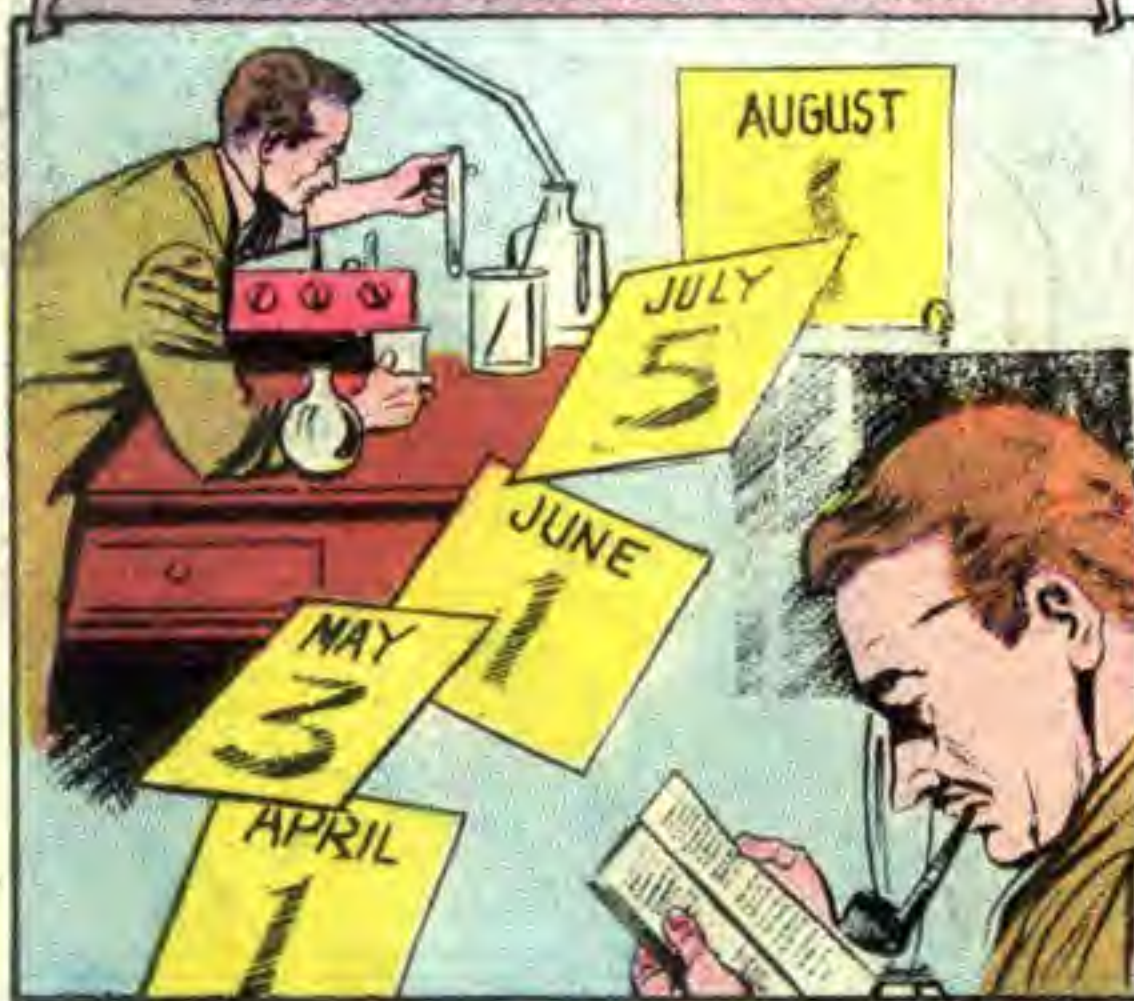
WHAT'S YOUR APPROACH?

I HAVE HERE SEVERAL CHEMICALS WHICH

AFFECT CORTEX TISSUES! I'M POSITIVE THAT THE RIGHT COMBINATION WILL ENHANCE THE BRAIN'S POWER TO REMEMBER!



IN THE BEGINNING, THE WORK WAS MOSTLY TRIAL AND ERROR! EACH EXPERIMENT ENDED WITH COMPLETE FAILURE—



AS MONTHS PASSED WITHOUT PROGRESS, REED BECAME MORE AND MORE OBSESSED WITH HIS PROJECT—

IT'S PAST ELEVEN, SIR! I'M EXHAUSTED!

GO ALONG TO BED THEN! I'LL WORK THE NIGHT THROUGH!



BEFORE LONG EVERYONE HAD NOTICED A MARKED CHANGE IN HIS BEHAVIOR —

THE SCIENCE OF PSYCHOLOGY CAN MAKE NO ADVANCE TILL THE MYSTERIES OF MEMORY ARE EXPOSED!

THAT'S ALL HE EVER TALKS ABOUT! HE'S BECOMING A **NUT** ON THE SUBJECT!

ONE MORNING, MONTHS LATER —

PROFESSOR, WAKE UP! YOU MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP OVER YOUR WORK!

HUH? OH... IT'S YOU...

I'M GETTING WORRIED, SIR! YOUR HEALTH IS SUFFERING! SURELY YOU CAN TAKE A REST, FORGET THIS MANIA —

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! YOU SEE, I'VE **SUCCEEDED!**

YOU MEAN YOU'VE —

THE SERUM IS IN THIS TEST TUBE! I'VE CHECKED THE FORMULA AGAIN AND AGAIN! IT'S **GOT** TO WORK!

NO, PROFESSOR — **DON'T!** IT MIGHT BE FATAL!

CALM YOURSELF! HERE GOES —

WHEN THE SERUM HAD PASSED HIS LIPS —

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

FEEL — FAINT! HELP ME TO THE COT — REST —

AFTER AN HOUR'S PROFOUND SLUMBER —

DO YOU FEEL ANY DIFFERENT?

I'M NOT SURE! SUPPOSE WE PUT MY MEMORY TO SOME SORT OF **TEST!**

MAKING USE OF THAT DAY'S NEWSPAPER —

ALL RIGHT, I'VE READ YOU THE WHOLE FIRST PAGE! HOW MUCH OF IT DO YOU REMEMBER?

IT'S AS IF EVERY WORD IS TAPE RECORDED IN MY HEAD! LISTEN, I'LL REPEAT IT WORD FOR WORD!



THE RESULT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE —

YOU DID IT! YOU REPEATED IT EXACTLY!

I HADN'T EXPECTED THIS MUCH SUCCESS! KEEP THIS A SECRET, SIMMS—I'M NOT READY TO ANNOUNCE MY ACHIEVEMENT YET!



IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, REED WAS CONTINUALLY ASTOUNDED BY WHAT HE HAD ACCOMPLISHED —

SUDDENLY I REMEMBER EVERY WORD A STUDENT SPOKE IN THIS CLASS — EVERY LITTLE BIT OF INFORMATION ON THEIR CLASS CARDS! EVERYTHING I'VE EVER HEARD OR READ IS AVAILABLE TO MY MEMORY!



REED'S DISCOVERY WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST IN THE HISTORY OF MAN! HE FOUND IT NO EFFORT TO MEMORIZE A THICK TELEPHONE DIRECTORY! BUT FIVE DAYS LATER —

YOU'RE TAKING ANOTHER DOSE, SIR? MAY I ASK WHY?

MY MEMORY POWER'S BEEN GROWING WEAKER ALL DAY—SEEMS THE SERUM ONLY LASTS A SHORT WHILE!



PERHAPS WHAT'S NEEDED IS A STRONGER FIRST DOSE!

YOU KNOW HOW SOME SERUMS WORK — YOU NEED BOOSTER SHOTS! PERHAPS AFTER A CERTAIN NUMBER, I'LL HAVE THE MEMORY POWER FOR GOOD!



ONCE MORE REED'S SENSES SWAM! HELPED TO THE COT, HE FELL INTO FITFUL SLUMBER —

HE SEEMS TO BE DREAMING — MUMBLING THINGS! WONDER IF HE'LL REMEMBER WHEN HE WAKES UP?

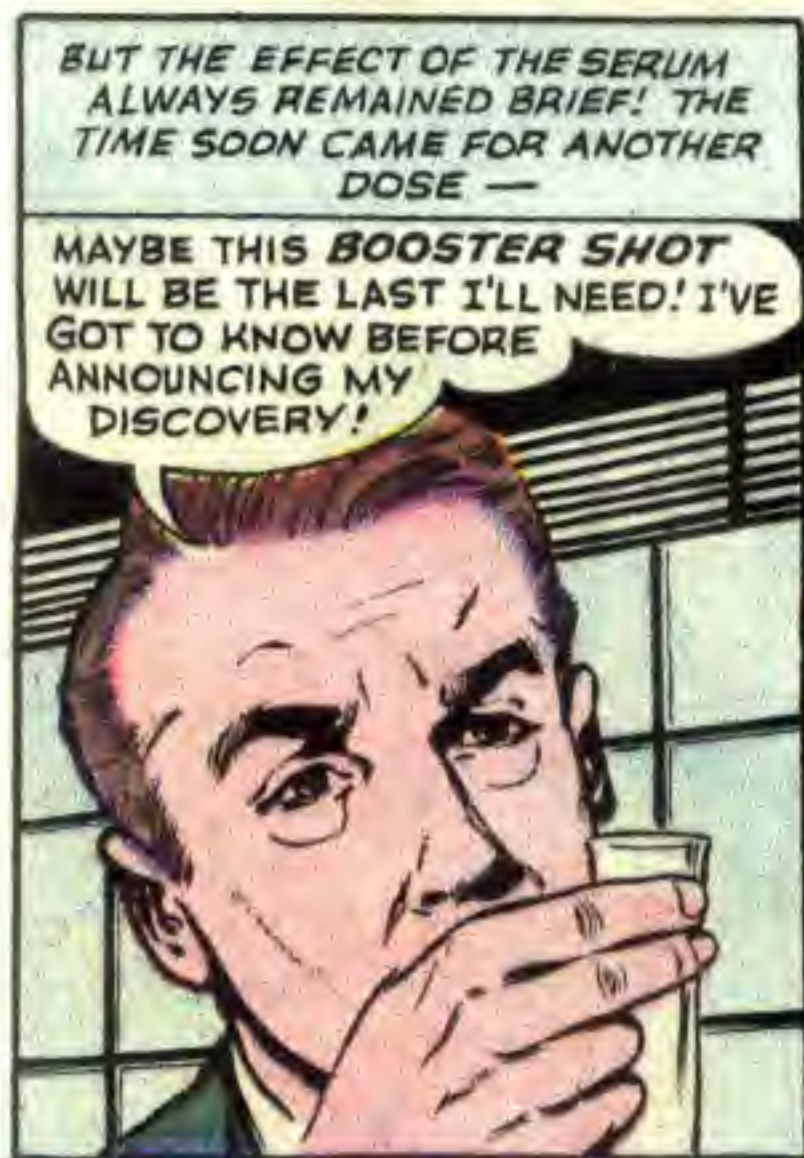
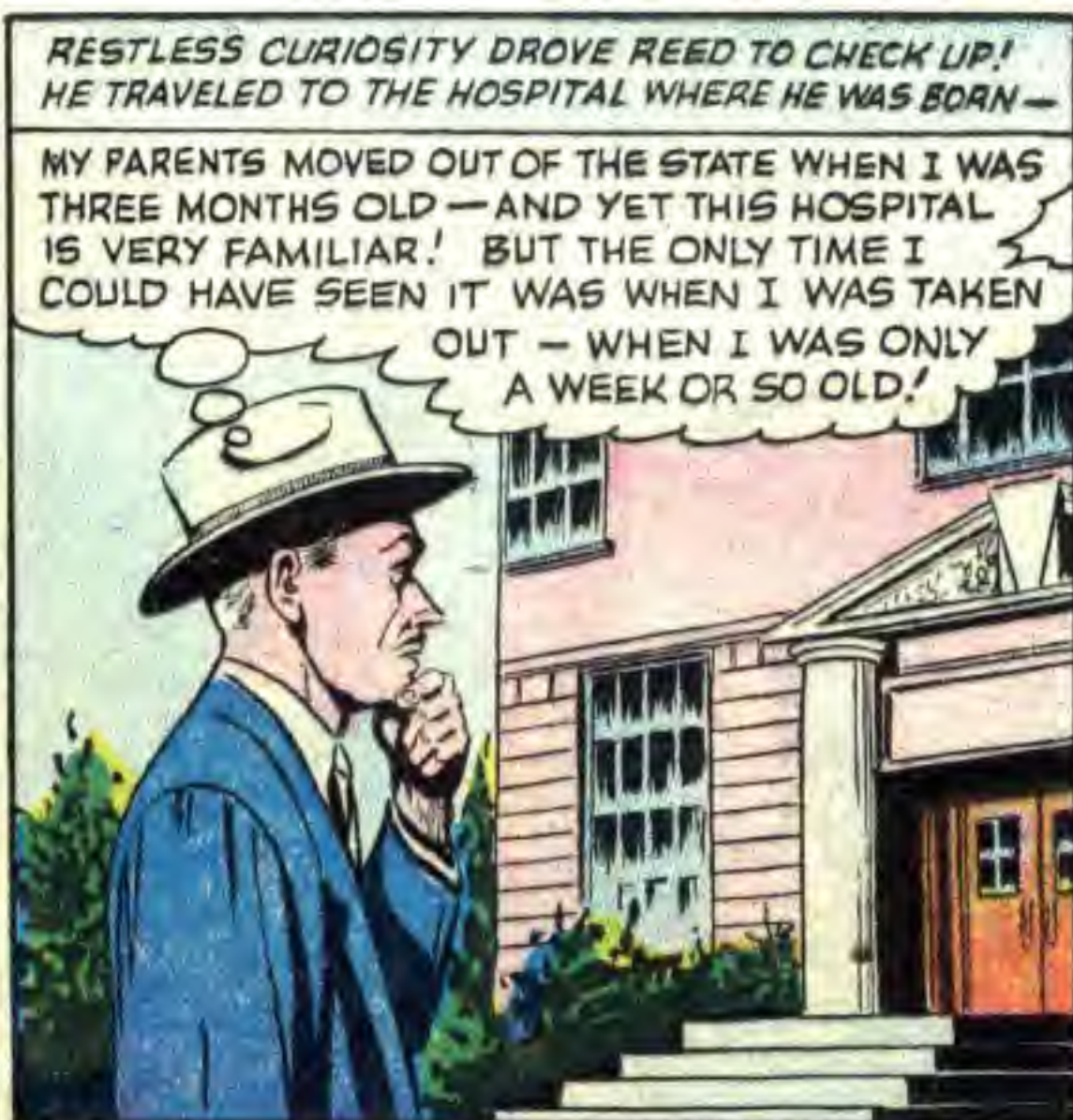


IN REED'S FITFUL SLUMBER, A SERIES OF VIVID IMAGES APPEARED —

THIS REED BABY GIVING YOU ANY TROUBLE, MISS KRANE?

HE'S A FINE BABY, DR. MORRISON — CUTE AS A BUTTON!





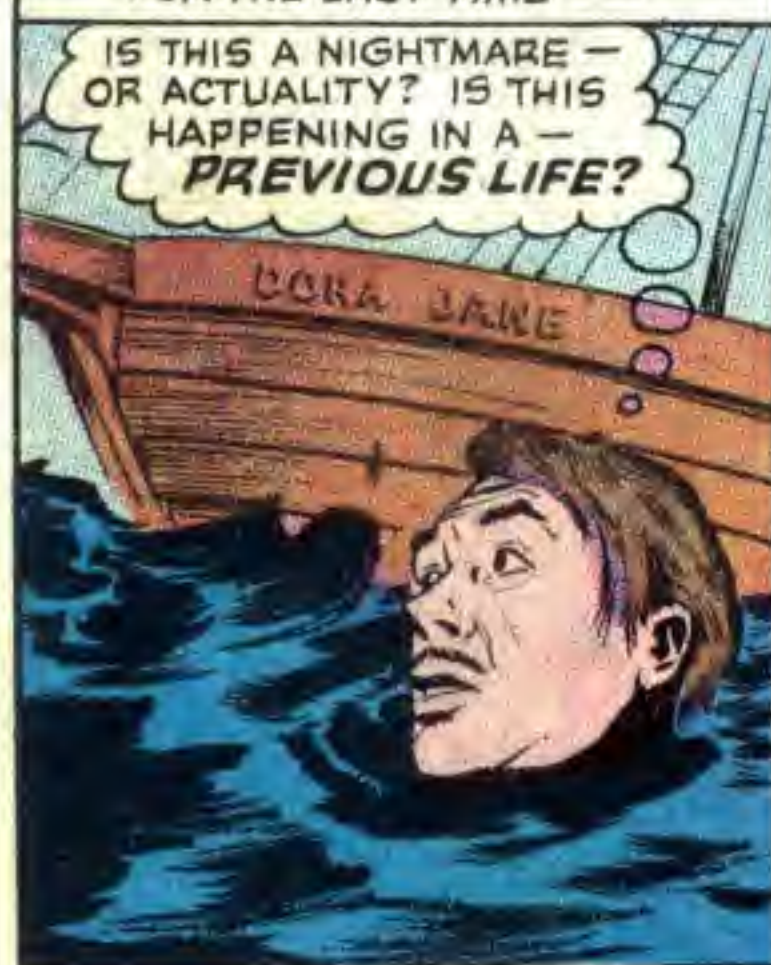
THE FIRST BOOSTER SHOT HAD EXTENDED THE REACH OF HIS MEMORY TO INFANCY — THIS TIME, IT WENT BEYOND —



WONDER, AMAZEMENT, INDECISION... ALL LASTED BUT A MOMENT! THE 18TH CENTURY SHIP HEADED STRAIGHT FOR DISASTER —



THE ANGRY WATERS CLAIMED ALL HANDS, BUT AS THE VESSEL'S CAPTAIN WAS ABOUT TO SINK FOR THE LAST TIME —



AS THE DARK SEAS CLOSED OVER HIS HEAD...



TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE GREAT MARINE LIBRARY IN WASHINGTON, D.C. —

THE DORA JANE, EH? IF WE'VE GOT ANYTHING ON THE VESSEL, IT'LL BE JUST ABOUT —



SURE IS! FOUNDERED OFF NEW ENGLAND IN 1748 WITH ALL HANDS LOST! CAPTAIN CALEB LUDDEN WAS SKIPPER! HOW COME YOU'RE SO INTERESTED?

I... ER... IT WOULD BE TOO DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN!



WHEN HE TOLD SIMMS, HIS ASSISTANT, ABOUT HIS FANTASTIC EXPERIENCE —

THE WRECK OF THE DORA JANE WAS SOMETHING I **COULDN'T** HAVE KNOWN ABOUT — THE FACT ONLY EXISTS IN OLD RECORDS! THIS MEANS THE **BOOSTER SHOT** HAS TAKEN MY MEMORY BACK TO **BEFORE I WAS BORN!**



PROFESSOR, I'M - ALARMED! THAT SERUM IS TERRIBLY DANGEROUS!

UNLESS THE LAST BOOSTER WEARS OFF, I WON'T TAKE IT AGAIN! DROWNING WAS A TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE!



BUT WITH EACH PASSING DAY, REED AGAIN NOTICED THE DIMINISHING STRENGTH OF HIS MEMORY -

I'LL NEED STILL ANOTHER DOSE! IT'LL TAKE COURAGE - BUT THAT'S WHAT SCIENCE DEMANDS!



ALONE, HE BRAVED THE MYSTERIOUS SERUM ONCE MORE! THE EFFECT WAS INSTANTANEOUSLY STUNNING -

OH-HHHHH...



THE SOUND OF CHEERING CLEARED THE HAZE FROM HIS BRAIN, AND AS HIS VISION CLEARED -

THE CITIZENS HAIL YOUR GREAT CONQUESTS, OH, CAESAR!

I... I'M A ROMAN CENTURION - MARCHING THROUGH ROME IN TRIUMPH!



I'M ACTUALLY SEEING THE ANCIENT WORLD AS IT WAS! I'VE GOT TO FIX THIS ALL IN MY MIND, SO I CAN DESCRIBE IT EXACTLY -

HAIL, CAESAR!



BUT WITHIN A FEW MOMENTS -

IT'S ALL GROWING HAZY NOW... I MUST BE RETURNING TO THE PRESENT!



WHEN THE LIGHT RETURNED...

THE PRESENT - ONCE MORE! THE SERUM GIVES ME A DOORWAY TO THE PAST! I CAN WRITE THE GREATEST HISTORY BOOK IN THE WORLD - WITH ABSOLUTE FACTS!



BOOSTER SHOT FOLLOWED BOOSTER SHOT IN THE ENSUING MONTHS! REED BEGAN A VAST HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPT —

I CAN'T DENY IT'S FASCINATING — BUT I BEG YOU TO STOP! YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS MAY LEAD!

I CAN'T STOP NOW — I MUST GO ON WITH MY WORK!



EACH BOOSTER SHOT TOOK REED FURTHER INTO THE PAST — BACK TO THE TROJAN WAR, THE BUILDING OF THE PYRAMIDS... BACK... EVER BACK...



VAST STRETCHES OF TIME WERE HURDLED IN BRIEF MOMENTS! HE HAD NO CONTROL OVER WHAT ERA HE WOULD FIND HIMSELF IN... ALL HE KNEW WAS THAT IT WOULD BE ALWAYS MORE REMOTE! AT LAST —

WHERE WILL I EMERGE — THIS TIME —?



AT THE END OF THE SPINNING VORTEX —

I... I'M — A — NEANDERTHAL MAN!

GRUMMPH!



NO... NO! GRUMMPH!



HE FELT THE MONSTROUS CREATURE'S MIGHTY PAW TIGHTEN AROUND HIM —

PROFESSOR! I HEARD YOU SCREAMING WAY DOWN THE HALL! WHAT HAPPENED?

TH-THANK HEAVENS! IN ANOTHER INSTANT, I'D HAVE BEEN A GONER FOR SURE!



WHEN SIMMS LEARNED THE TRUTH —

THESE EXPERIMENTS MUST COME TO AN END — AT ONCE! YOU MIGHT FIND YOURSELF IN THE PAST — UNABLE TO RETURN! THOSE BOOSTER SHOTS ARE A MENACE — THEY CAN WIPE OUT THE LAST 50,000 YEARS OF MAN'S PROGRESS!



YOU'RE RIGHT! WE MUST DESTROY MY WORK AND NEVER SPEAK OF IT! NOW I KNOW WHY THE PICTURE OF THAT NEANDERTHAL MAN USED TO FASCINATE ME SO — BECAUSE 50,000 YEARS AGO, I WAS THAT CREATURE!





We're going to stand aside for the present, readers—so as to bring you as many letters from your fellow-fans as possible! We want your opinions, too, be they knocks or boosts. Send them to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown," 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. All Set? Carry on!

"Dear Editor:-

I've just finished reading the February issue of 'Adventures Into The Unknown,' and 'The Mandarin's Robe' was my favorite. I'm glad you have a special corner for 'Let's Talk It Over!' It gives you a chance to know what your readers like and dislike. As for myself, I usually don't go for weird comics, but a friend insisted that I read your magazine. If all your issues are as good as this one, you've got a reader for life!

—Joel Kelly, Bronx, N. Y."

Welcome, Joel—climb aboard! We'll try very hard to keep our stories thrilling and to deserve your continued support. "The Mandarin's Robe" got mixed reactions. We weren't crazy about the art ourselves and will strive to better it.

"Dear Editor:-

In your 'Adventures Into The Unknown' for last September, you had a page entitled 'You, The Jury,' in which you told of a meteorite containing a fossil unicorn. Was this story truth or fiction? If true, where can I get further information?

—S. J. Ciurca, Rochester, N. Y."

This was submitted to us as a true story—but we don't believe it for a single moment! So let's call it fiction, but darned interesting stuff!

"Dear Editor:-

I've just finished reading 'The Seller Of Dreams' in the February issue of 'Adventures Into The Unknown,' and think it's the best story I ever read in any comic. In fact, I think the writer or writers should get a special award for such a great story—and also the illustrator!

—A. J. Harris, Houston, Tex."

"Seller Of Dreams" turned out to be an amazingly popular story. It was written by Sir Norman Fruman, international explorer and noted authority on the occult. The artist was the widely-known Ogden Whitney.

"Dear Editor:-

This letter's a throw-away—it'll never see the light of day. I think weird stories are stupid—and putting them in picture form is strictly for morons. Your magazine's for the birds!

—Carl Pedersen, Minneapolis, Minn."

Why shouldn't your letter see the light of day? It's your opinion, and this page is designed for printing opinions. You're missing something, not liking weird stories—when they're good, they're wonderful! As for our readership of morons, we'll bet on their mentality against yours!

"Dear Editor:-

My husband and I have been reading 'Adventures Into The Unknown' for a long time now, and we want to tell you how very much satisfied we are with the kind of fine weird stories which you're printing. I always read 'Let's Talk It Over,' and wish to say that if some people don't like your magazine, why do they buy it? But they do, and the people who like reading it have trouble buying it. These complainers are the type who believe in stopping good clean reading. But we say keep up the good work, editor—we like your stories and will continue buying your fine magazine. We have a baby and when she is old enough to read, you can be sure she will read 'Adventures Into The Unknown' right along with us.

—Mrs. Harry Danfield, Pennsauken, N. J."

We appreciate your letter no end, Mrs. Danfield. And we pledge ourselves to continue bringing exciting stories of imagination, thrillingly illustrated by ace artists for your entertainment.

"Dear Editor:-

I read your magazine every month. I really enjoyed 'In The Ruins of Pompeii,' in issue No. 84. But I didn't care for 'Legend Of The Black Gondola' in No. 83. I figured out the ending when I remembered what had been said earlier about the menace being defeated if the image of the gondola was destroyed. However, I do like 'Adventures Into The Unknown.'

—Bob Wallace, Jacksonville, N. C."

No fair, Bob! If it's guessing the end you complain about, you can go to the movies and do that nine times out of ten—and the same holds good for your television screen. So why criticize us?

RETURN of the PEQUOD!



OUT OF THE NANTUCKET FOG, A FORBIDDING FACE LOOMED...TO SET OFF THE **STRANGEST ADVENTURE** ANY MAN EVER EXPERIENCED! OUT OF THE PAGES OF A GREAT SEA CLASSIC, IMAGINARY FIGURES TOOK ON FORM AND LIFE...AND SICKLY PETE FULLMER JOINED THE MOST MOTLEY CREW THAT EVER SAILED ABOARD A DOOMED SHIP!

HE HAD JUST RECOVERED FROM A VERY SERIOUS ILLNESS...



YOU'RE ABLE TO LEAVE THE HOSPITAL, MR. FULLMER...BUT YOUR LUNGS ARE STILL EXTREMELY WEAK! YOU'LL NEED A LONG SEASIDE REST...AND NO WORK! I SUGGEST A LONG STAY IN NANTUCKET!

NANTUCKET? THAT ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF MASSACHUSETTS?

RIGHT! DURING THE WINTER, IT'S LARGELY UNINHABITED... THE OCEAN BREEZE WILL DO YOU A WORLD OF GOOD!





THAT NIGHT, THICK FOG CLOSED IN ON THE ISLAND...

TAKING A WALK ON A RAW NIGHT LIKE THIS, MR. FULLMER? IT'S NOT FOR A MAN WHO'S BEEN SICK!

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MRS. MACY! DO YOU OFTEN HAVE FOG HERE?



IT'S COMMON ENOUGH IN THE MIDDLE OF FEBRUARY!

AND THIS IS FEBRUARY 16TH... SO I GUESS THINGS ARE RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!



HE GROPED HIS WAY DOWN TO THE WHARVES, HEARD ONLY THE TINKLING OF THE BUOYS IN THE HARBOR...

I CAN HARDLY BREATHE... IT'S THICK ENOUGH TO CUT WITH A KNIFE! BETTER HEAD BACK...



SUDDENLY, A BOOMING SHOUT CAME OUT OF THE FOG... HE DIMLY SAW A FIGURE APPROACHING...

HALLOO, ISHMAEL! WAIT!

ISHMAEL? WHO'S SHOUTING FOR... ISHMAEL?



FROM THE SWIRLING MISTS...

I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THEE, ISHMAEL! COME ALONG! THE PEQUOD SAILS TONIGHT TO HUNT... THE WHITE WHALE!

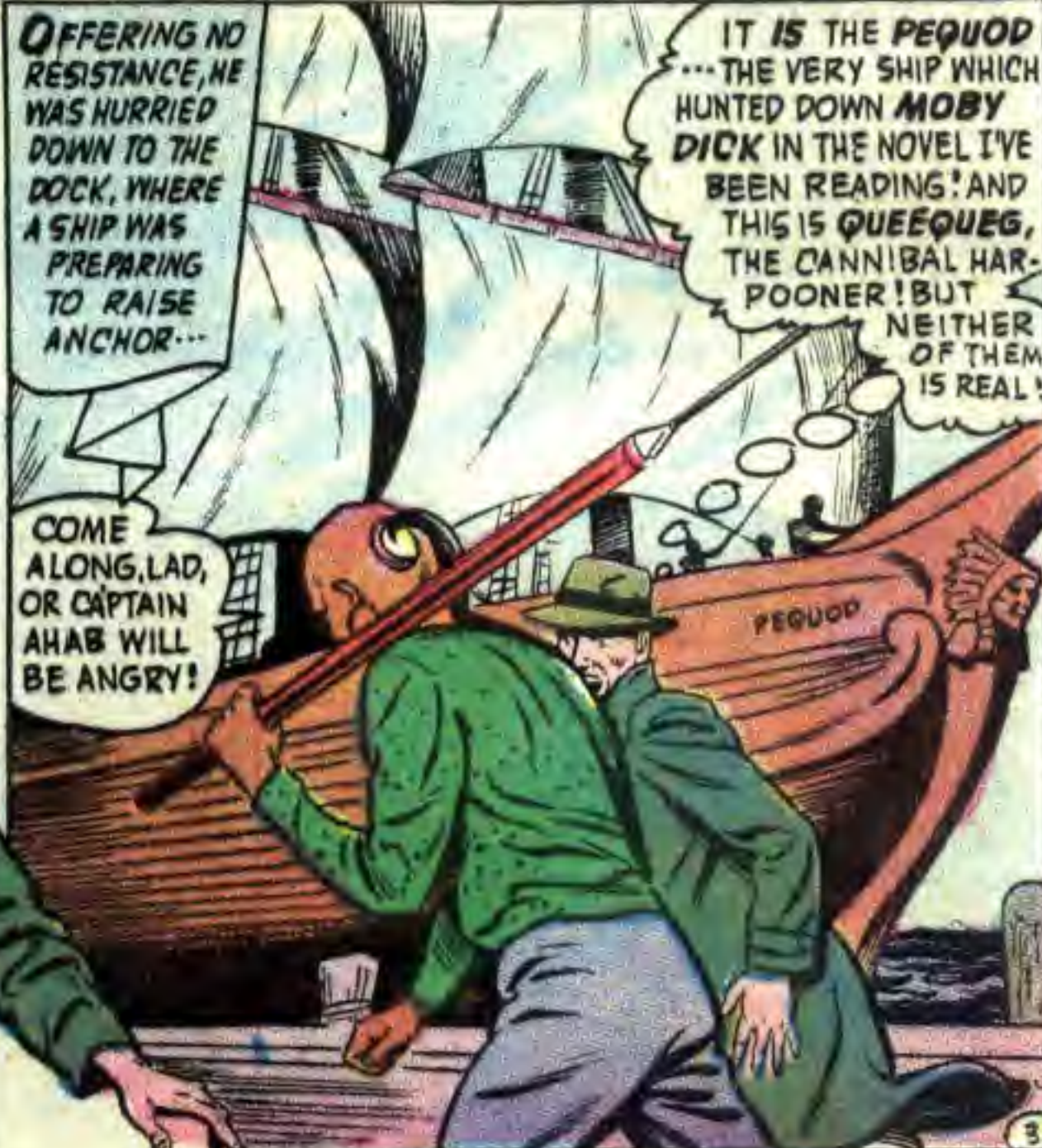
IT'S MY... IMAGINATION AGAIN! I'M LOSING MY GRIP ON REALITY!



OFFERING NO RESISTANCE, HE WAS HURRIED DOWN TO THE DOCK, WHERE A SHIP WAS PREPARING TO RAISE ANCHOR...

COME ALONG, LAD, OR CAPTAIN AHAH WILL BE ANGRY!

IT IS THE PEQUOD... THE VERY SHIP WHICH HUNTED DOWN MOBY DICK IN THE NOVEL I'VE BEEN READING! AND THIS IS QUEEQUEG, THE CANNIBAL HARPOONER! BUT NEITHER OF THEM IS REAL!



ABOARD THE IMAGINARY VESSEL, EVENTS HAD A PECULIAR VIVIDNESS...

YOU'VE ALL SWORN TO OBEY ME...**CAPTAIN AHAH!** WE HAVE BUT ONE PURPOSE...TO KILL **MOBY DICK, THE WHITE WHALE!**

AYE, CAPTAIN!



THE CREW, DRAWN FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE, WAS FIRED WITH ENTHUSIASM...

LET'S GO BELOW, ISHMAEL! THE MEETING IS OVER!

I'M PROBABLY ON A HOSPITAL BED SOMEWHERE...BABBLING ALL THIS IN SOME KIND OF **DELUSION!**



PETER IMAGINED THAT THE WHOLE VOYAGE WAS UNREAL, THE PRODUCT OF A DISEASED MIND! YET WEEKS SEEMED TO PASS...THE **PEQUOD** CROSSED THE EQUATOR...

THAR SHE BLOWS!

AYE, BUT NOT **MOBY DICK!** SAIL ON! WE HAVE BUT ONE QUARRY!



CERTAIN THINGS WERE SURPRISING TO PETER! HE WONDERED WHERE HE'D GOTTEN THE GARB OF A 19TH CENTURY SAILOR, WHY THE SMELL OF THE SEA AND THE FEEL OF THE DECK SEEMED SO REAL...

WELL, WHY DO YOU **STARE, ISHMAEL?** GET ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS!

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN AHAH!



AWARENESS CAME WITH THE IMPACT OF A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT...

THIS **ISN'T** A HALLUCINATION! I AM ABOARD THE **PEQUOD**...THE **SHIP EXISTS** AND THE CREW IS **ALIVE!**



SUDDEN TERROR FLOWED THROUGH HIS BODY! LIVING IN THE PAST, HE KNEW WHAT THE FUTURE HELD! AGAIN AND AGAIN HE PLEADED WITH THE OBSESSED CAPTAIN...

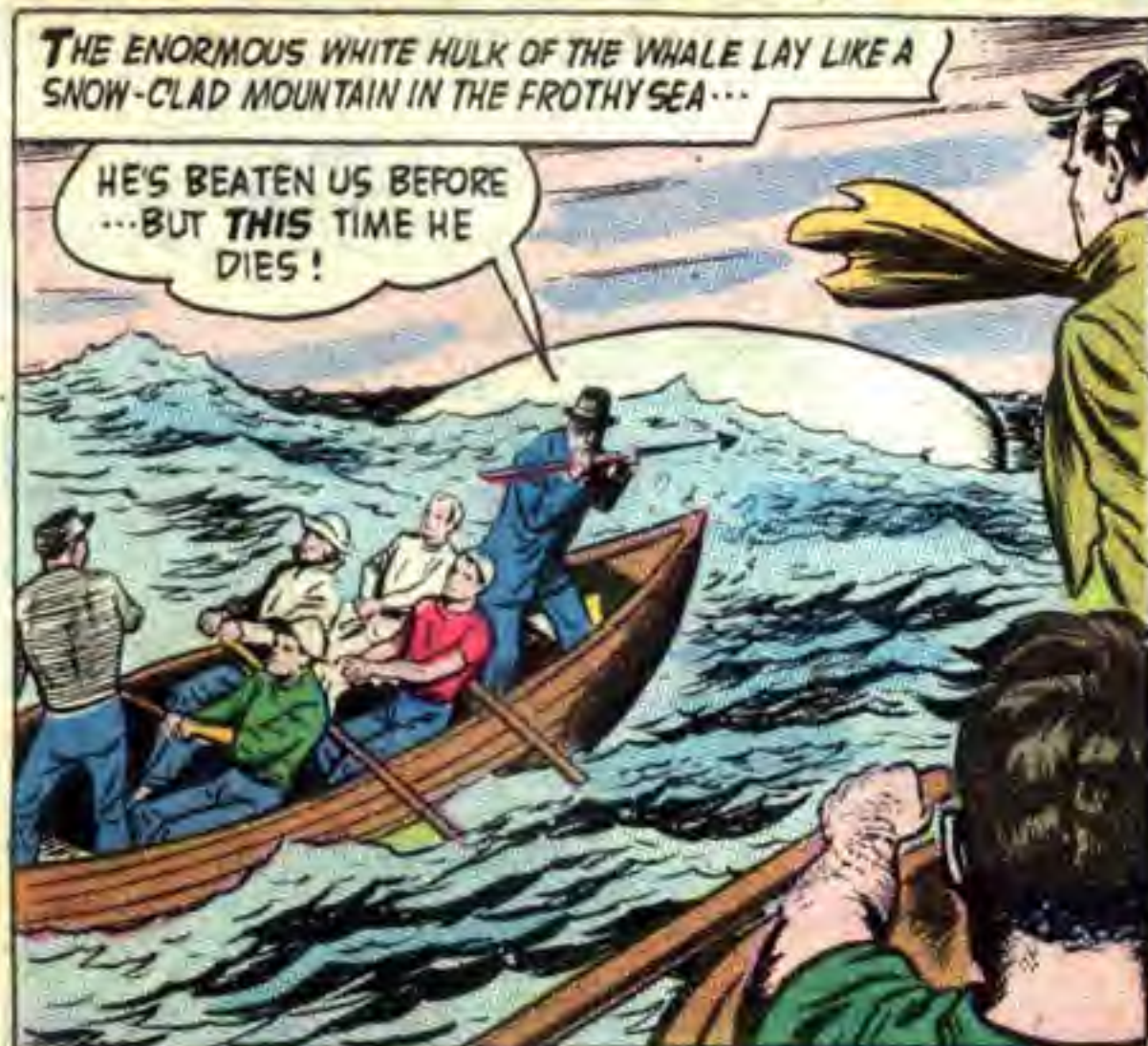
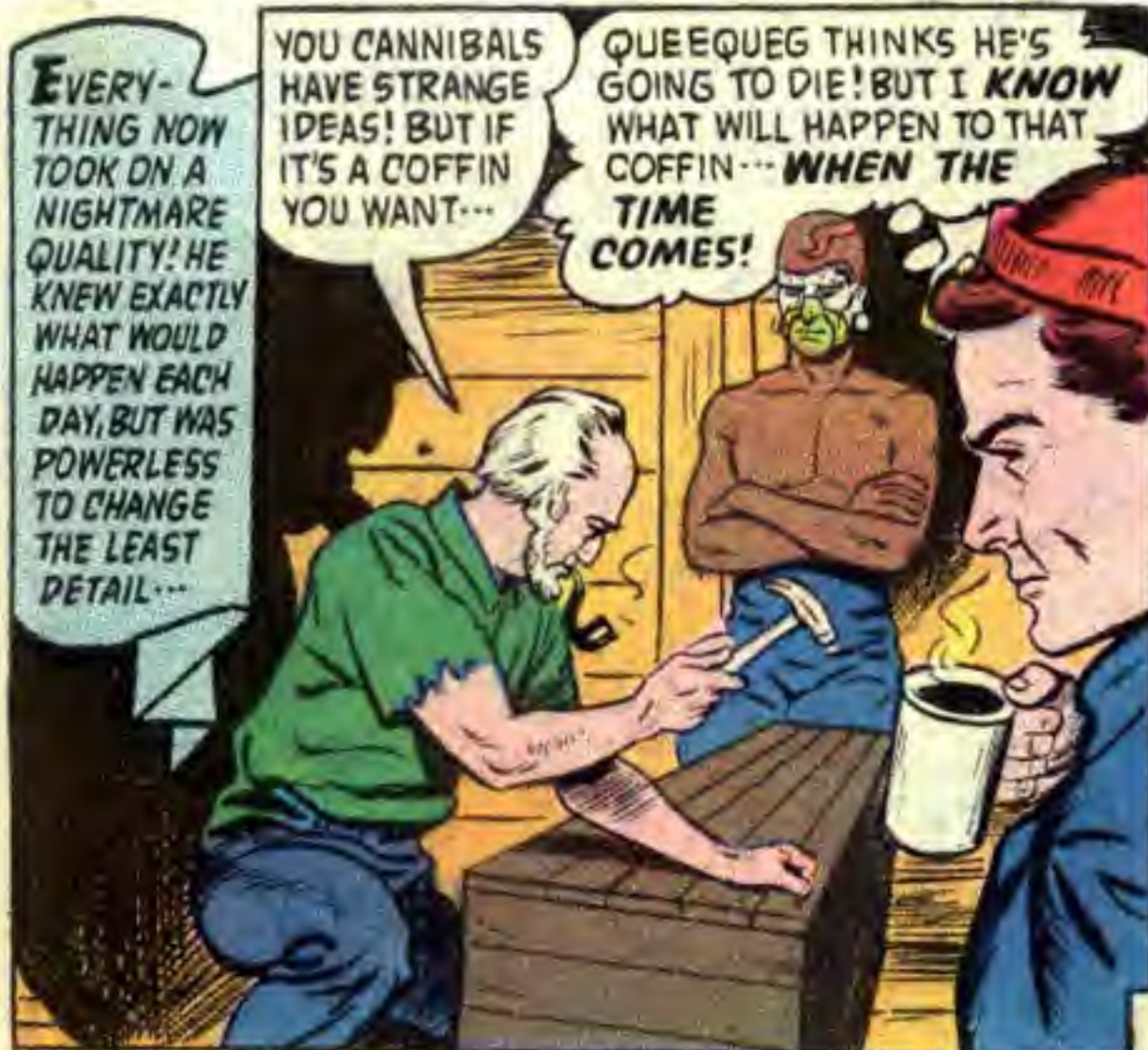
TURN BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! **MOBY DICK** WILL DESTROY US ALL!

SILENCE, LAD...



IT IS THE DESTINY OF THIS SHIP AND THIS CREW TO HUNT THE WHITE WHALE THROUGH **ETERNITY!** SPEAK NO MORE OF IT!







NOTHING
COULD
WITHEAND
THE
TREMENDOUS
IMPACT...

CR-RASH!



THE STOVEN HULL COLLAPSED
UNDER THE SEA'S PRESSURE!
SWIFTLY, IT WAS SUCKED TOWARD
THE BOTTOMLESS DEPTHS...



ALL WAS
SILENCE
ON THE
GREAT
SHROUD
OF THE
SEA! ONLY
ONE
LIVING
THING
STIRRED
AMONG
THE
WRECKAGE...

QUEEQUEG'S COFFIN
... GOT TO REACH IT...
ONLY CHANCE...



ALONE ON THE WIDE, WIDE SEA, PETER
AND THE COFFIN DRIFTED THROUGH DAYS
OF BLAZING HEAT AND NIGHTS OF
CHILLING COLD...

WHAT'S... KEEPING
ME... ALIVE? CAN'T
HANG ON MUCH
LONGER...



HE SANK INTO DELIRIUM, WAS
OBLIVIOUS TO THE APPROACHING
FREIGHTER...

HUH? THERE'S A MAN
FLOATING IN THE WATER
... AND HE APPEARS TO
BE CLINGING TO A
COFFIN!



HE'S OUT OF
HIS HEAD,
CAPTAIN...
RAVING!

PEQUOD...
QUEEQUEG...

MOBY DICK! YOU'LL NEVER KILL THE FIEND, AHAB...

HE'S BEEN MUMBLING ABOUT THAT NOVEL **MOBY DICK** FOR HOURS! BUT HE'LL PULL THROUGH... HE'S IN FINE BASIC HEALTH!

FEB. 17

WHEN HE REVIVED, HIS BRAIN WAS PERFECTLY CLEAR...

WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DATE IS IT?

IT'S FEBRUARY 19TH... YOU'VE BEEN CRITICALLY ILL SINCE WE PICKED YOU UP TWO DAYS AGO HERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC!

FEB. 19

NOW DO YOU MIND EXPLAINING WHAT YOU WERE DOING FLOATING ABOARD A COFFIN... IN THE GARB OF A 19TH CENTURY WHALING SAILOR? YOU KEPT RAVING THE PLOT OF **MOBY DICK**!

I... I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY... BUT YOU WON'T **BELIEVE** ME!

THE TALE TOOK A LONG TIME, AND THE DOCTOR LISTENED, ENTRANCED...

FASCINATING! BUT SINCE YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY QUITE SANE, HOW ABOUT TELLING ME THE **TRUTH** NOW?

I WAS LAST SEEN ON FEBRUARY 16TH IN NANTUCKET... AND YOU PICKED ME UP THE NEXT DAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC! EXPLAIN **THAT**!

NO ONE BELIEVED HIS STORY, BUT IN NANTUCKET... WEEKS LATER...

MR. FULLMER! LAND SAKES, WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD AFTER YOU DISAPPEARED LIKE THAT! WHAT **HAPPENED** TO YOU ON THAT FOGGY NIGHT?

FIRST, MRS. MACY, DO YOU MIND TELLING THIS GENTLEMAN THE **EXACT** DATE YOU SAW ME LAST?

AFTER ALL THE FACTS WERE CHECKED, PETER'S INCREDIBLE STORY HAD TO BE BELIEVED...

ONE THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND! MY HEALTH IS **EXCELLENT** NOW! MY LUNGS ARE CURED... I FEEL STRONG!

A LONG SEA VOYAGE AND VIGOROUS EXERCISE WOULD EXPLAIN THAT! LOOKS LIKE SAILING ABOARD THE **PEQUOD** DID YOU SOME **GOOD**!

AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, PETER LEFT NANTUCKET, KNOWING THAT HE'D NEVER RETURN...

IT'S TOO **DANGEROUS** FOR ME ON THE ISLAND! WHAT HAPPENED COULD HAPPEN **AGAIN**! POOR, OBSESSED CAPTAIN AHAB! HE AND THE CREW AND THE **PEQUOD**... THEY'LL HUNT THE GREAT WHITE WHALE, **MOBY DICK**, THROUGH ALL **ETERNITY**!

The END!

